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A religious and family paper

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Thy Will Is Best.

I WOULD have climbed at early dawn
Up the steep hillside, toiling where
The paths led on through sun and shade,
Till I had won its summit fair;
I would have kept mine own rash will,
When, lo! He whispered me,
Be still.

I would have rested, at the hush
Of eventide, by some calm stream,
And there, with folded hands, content,
Lived o'er again life's checkered dream;
But, ah, through twilight's deepest ray
His clear voice thrilled me,
Whispering, Nay.

O God! I thank Thee, I have learned
That Thine unerring will is best;
At Thy command, that rest is toil,
That, with Thy presence, toil is rest;
Content, through bright or shadowed way,
At Thy sweet will to go
Or stay.

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A pretty wide observation satisfies us that there is no commandment which just now more needs to be enforced than the one which requires children to honor their parents.

We are often so lifeless and careless in our prayers that we should be greatly surprised if God were to answer them.

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The Hardest Thing of All.

Teddie had learned to spell a word in a way that was not the right way, and every time that he came to it in his writing lesson he wanted to spell it as he had learned it first.

"Its pretty hard to know all these things, isn't it, Teddie?" said his aunt.

"But it's a good deal harder to unknow 'em after you once get 'em crooked," said Teddie.

He was right. It is very hard to "unknow" the wrong things that we have learned.—Olive Plants.

The little dog usually barks the loudest, but the big dog always gets the bone.

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THE PACIFIC

FIRST PURE, THEN PEACEABLE; WITHOUT PARTIALITY AND WITHOUT HYPOCRISY

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, March 19, 1903

CONGREGATIONALISM AND UNITARIANISM.

The article on "Congregational Federation," in a recent number of The Advance, gives no uncertain sound. Coming from Boston, having been written by the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Morgan, pastor of the Central church of Jamaica Plain, it is an especially pleasing article to many Congregationalists because of the affirmation of loyalty on the part of the pastors of metropolitan Boston to the essentials of the Pilgrim faith. An editorial in a recent number of The Congregationalist, on the subject, "Will Congregationalists Reunite?" left the impression on many minds that there was among Boston and other New England Congregationalists a tendency toward some such affiliation with Unitarians as would not be acceptable to the majority of the churches in the whole country. For many years it has been evident that our Western Congregationalism has been more in line with the standards of the past than our Eastern has been. The Rev. Dr. George C. Adams aptly expresses it in his article on "Polyenous Congregationalism:" "When the National Council's creed commission first met, the complaint came from the East that if a statement was formulated that was really orthodox the Methodists and Cumberland Presbyterians and many other that the Western churches were absorbing would refuse to accept it; and the answer came promptly, 'You can make the statement as orthodox as you please and we of the West and South will swallow it without a wry face, but look out for the New England Coast.'" And, continues Dr. Adams, "There has been a deal of history since then, but the prophecy has proved correct, and the Congregationalism that was gathered from many sources has been a large factor in holding the denomination to its moorings."

But there is needed from coast to coast a Congregationalism true to the essentials of the faith—not one that denies the resurrection of Jesus and the lesser miracles and that regards Jesus as only human, but a Congregationalism that places Him on an equality with the Father, a being to whom all power has been given, both on earth and in heaven. We of the West do not desire union or even federation with Unitarians as they believe today. Their belief is not our belief. But we do desire such an accord in belief among Congregationalists the country over that will make it possible for the churches to present a solid front in the battle against sin. Accordingly this affirmation of loyalty on the part of Boston Congregationalists is a pleasanter note than some that have been sounded in that region of late. Dr. Morgan speaks from nine years of intimate knowledge of Boston pastors and says further: "If our Congregational churches are to look for federation they will count unity of the *faith* of far greater moment than unity in polity, greatly as we may prize the last. Dr. Eliot's call for a federation of the Trinitarians and Unitarians simply on the score of polity, and as the bulwark against prelacy, ignores the fact that, as between Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians, the common faith in a crucified, risen, and ascended Lord, is a bond of vastly greater significance and power. It is by no means impossible that these churches of a common faith may ere long heed their Lord's prayer for unity, and merge the trifling distinctions of the past into a splendid federation for aggressive work in winning the world for Christ. But to hope or expect that our Pilgrim churches will absolutely veto for themselves the possibility of such unity by federation with any who reject the supreme facts and truths of the Christian's faith, is to indulge the merest chimera."

Contrast this utterance and that of The Congregationalist, which said in answer to the question, "Is such a union probable?" "It does not lie in the horizon of our vision," and which said concerning the possible conflict between ritualism and episcopacy on one hand and the liberty of the individual worshipper and the local church on the other: "In such a conflict Congregationalists and Unitarians will be found side by side;" and, "It may be that their theological differences will disappear in common loyalty to one Master and a united purpose to maintain the Christian liberty of each one of His disciples."

If that disappearance of differences shall come about through Unitarians accepting the orthodox faith, well and good; if otherwise, it will mark the end of our Congregationalism as an aggressive force for the evangelization of the world. Simply the discussion of it, the intimation of such a probability of union on any other basis is damaging to our church work. It opens

up the way for other denominations to justify themselves for establishing churches in localities where our churches should have the field. An orthodox church they say, and will continue to say, is needed; and in they go, and too often out go we.

Let us continue to recognize the good that there is in Unitarianism, but let the talk about union cease from ocean to ocean. It is suicidal.

A venerable man, who had done much active work in the Sunday-school, in an address to the school, referred to the lesson for the day, which happened to be in the Psalms, and asked the question, "Children, what is a psalm?" Receiving no answer, he proceeded, "Let me tell you what a psalm is, children; once upon a time David, in the exuberance of his sanctified emotion, gave utterance to what in our vernacular is vulgularly termed a psalm." No doubt part of that, like the question concerning Effectual Calling in the Shorter Catechism, was stored in the memory of the children, to come forth in after years with some kind of meaning. It is better, however, not to tax the mental powers of the child in this way. Seeing a bright boy or girl striving to comprehend a ponderous polysyllable reminds one of Ajax with the world on his shoulder. The purpose of child training is lost sight of when we indulge in speech too hard for the youngest in the class to understand. We very seriously question the propriety of attempting to teach the same lesson to all classes in the Sunday-school, even after the infant class has been counted out. The child mind is not capable of grasping the substance of certain lessons, no matter in what form it is presented; it is better to wait till the child has gained in mental grasp; it will then come to such lessons with a zest that has not been already wearied by a premature and aimless repetition.

The opening address at the Y. M. C. A. State Convention in this city last week was by President Slocum of Colorado College. It was an inspiration to all who heard it. Speaking on "The Relation of the Association to the Broader Humanities," he said that the only views that are really safe are the larger views; and that gradually the world is coming to realize that in Christ only are to be had these larger ideas and views. In graphic manner was it impressed upon the minds of the large number of young men who had assembled to hear him that what was needed was not the littleness of a little life, but the largeness of noble living. Boys and young men were told that they had no business to dwarf themselves in any way; that the best passions of their hearts were needed everywhere; that California and all America needed them at their best, and that America could not be saved in this century nor in any century until men had the right of things at heart. All were urged to see to it that the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth were exemplified in every endeavor, and it was suggested that as a people we stop boasting of our bigness unless we can put into our life the largeness of the Christ. Four great passions of the human soul were named: love of home, love of humanity, love of country, love of God. The latter it was said embraces all, puts life into all. "And when you've found God, young man," concluded the speaker, "you've found everything." We desire to say to fathers and mothers that if President Slocum ever comes this way again with such an address as this one they will be doing great good to their boys if they see to it that it falls upon their ears. No boy or young man of the age of fifteen, or more, could listen to it and fail of inspiration to noble endeavor.

We are glad to see the question of "The Enrichment of Worship" discussed in a dispassionate and catholic spirit. Protestants may well be on their guard against innovations that savor of high churchism; but they need not fear to let the soul's instinctive hunger for self-expression find vent in liturgical forms. The responsive reading of the Psalms is a concession to this instinct and crying want. So is the repetition in concert of the Lord's Prayer. Congregational singing, which has been the immemorial custom in the Church, springs from the same craving for expression. Why should not the congregation take a still larger part in the worship of the sanctuary? What reason can be urged for withholding from them, for example, a share in the general and special prayers which now are left exclusively to the minister? Would it not be to their spiritual edification?

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, who succeeds the late Dr. Parker in the City Temple, London, is only thirty-five years old. Since Spurgeon at the age of eighteen captured that great city by his preaching no one has so stirred the interest and expectation of the people. On all sides it is confidently predicted that this young man will turn out to be the greatest preacher of this age of the world. The famous Dr. Parker has been eclipsed; not a seat is vacant when Campbell speaks; and the aisles are crowded with the standing, eager listeners. One who has heard him writes: "His face is singularly spiritual. Through those blue eyes his soul seems to shine with a light caught from the azure heavens." He is called a marvelous mystic; yet he discourses on the most profound topics in simplest diction, embellishing recondite matters with gleaming illustrations.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society has chosen as its Eastern Secretary the Rev. R. A. Beard, D.D., pastor of the Prospect Street church of Cambridge, Massachusetts. His office will be in the office of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society in Boston. It is said that the different State societies and secretaries welcome the movement and will be sympathetic and cooperative. Dr. Beard was Superintendent of Home Mis-

sions in Washington for several years, where he did a splendid work. Later he became President of Fargo College in North Dakota, going from Fargo to the pastorate at Nashua, New Hampshire; and then to Cambridge. No better selection could have been made. We congratulate the Home Missionary Society and the entire Congregational fellowship.

The Religious World.

A Methodist Church in Toronto, Canada, took an annual missionary collection recently which amounted to $10,000.

The pastor of a church at Reading, Pennsylvania, has arranged for the opening of the church edifice from 9 to 5 every day for private meditation and prayer. The arrangement is a commendable one. Doubtless many people will avail themselves of this retreat, and will get spiritual gain thereby.

It is said that Bishop Mallalieu carries with him constantly the book of St. John and the book of Job, and that he is of opinion that every Bishop ought to do this—St. John for sweetness and Job for patience. If a Bishop needs one copy of each an editor ought—if there is any strength in added numbers—to carry a half dozen of copies of each.

The Rev. George H. Lee, who was for twelve years pastor of Taylor Congregational church, Seattle, has resigned from the pastorate of the College Hill Presbyterian church of Cincinnati. The Commercial-Tribune says: "Mr. Lee gave no reasons other than a desire for a change of location. The officials of the church say that he has given eminent satisfaction and that he will be retained as long as is possible."

Some weeks ago representatives of twenty-five foreign missionary boards united in asking the Christian people of the United States and Canada to unite in a week of special prayer for the evangelization of the world. The time arranged for is the week beginning April the 5th and ending the 12th. This is the week preceding Easter, and it is an especially appropriate time for such united effort. Among the missionary boards requesting this week of prayer are the Congregational, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, Lutheran, United Brethren, Baptist, Episcopalian, Disciple and Moravian.

Not long ago a man in Indiana announced that he intended to carry on his mercantile business as Christ would if He were managing it. Of course failure was predicted widely. Nevertheless he has made thus far a great success. The Religious Telescope says concerning him: "He has bought out four other stores, owning five in Marion, one in Converse, and one in Lancaster, all of the establishments being crowded with business. He sells for cash only, believing that the credit system breeds dishonesty. He keeps no tobacco of any kind. His clerks are not permitted to use slang, swear, jest, or use tobacco. All female clerks are prohibited from flirting with young men. No goods are delivered. Mr. Norton offers up prayer every morning before opening his seven places of business. He pays his assistants every day in cash. None of the stores are open on Sunday. He buys for cash and sells for cash. The goods are sold at two per cent above cost, freight and drayage, and on big days he divides the profits with the clerks, keeping for himself only what he considers a fair day's wages as a common laborer. Although a church member and Sunday School teacher, Mr. Norton considers his work as Christ would do it in business a more potent factor for good than church-going."

A great London paper asked recently the question, "Are there any great preachers left?" and proceeded to answer it in a somewhat doubting style. A London correspondent of the Christian Evangelist writes concerning the article to which reference is made: It dealt with the dearth at this moment of popular pulpit orators in our great London, where a generation ago these were so numerous. But the editor, though perfectly correct, might, if he had written another article as a sequel, and I imagine would, have gone on with equal accuracy to say that the average standard of pulpit excellence has risen immensely with the wonderful spread of scholarship and culture, so that men who are now locally exercising great influence are fully equal to some of the greatest preachers of the past. Ossian Davies, Campbell Morgan, before he went to America, Archibald Brown, Fuller Gooch, William Cuff, Edwin Gange, Hay Morgan, Dr. Clifford, Canon Barker, Canon Wilberforce, the Bishop of London, Canon Scott Holland, Archdeacon Sinclair, the Bishop of Stepney, Canon Hensley Henson, Mark Guy Pearse, Bernard Snell, Arthur Mursell, have all during the past few years—several of them for many years past—been drawing crowds of delighted hearers all the time regularly, yet without creating any sensation. The Christian pulpit has never in any age been more valued, and has never been so well supplied.

The editor of the Western Christian Advocate, the Rev. Dr. Levi Gilbert, was a Pacific Coast pastor some years ago, and is known by many of our readers. The following from his pen on, "The Converted Boy and Girl," is well worth repeating: "Frequently pastors and adult members of the church do not realize the necessity of very plain and simple explanations to the boy or girl entering the Christian life. We have known those, in the past, who had been powerfully impressed in an old-fashioned Methodist revival where feeling was intense. Their emotions were wonderfully wrought upon, and for a time they lived in an exalted mood. But they could not thus stay forever on the Mount of Ecstasy, and the reaction was inevitable. When the reaction came, for lack of some definite and kindly instruction as to just what was involved for them in living a Christian life, they were swept backward into a condition of unimpressible indifference and skepticism. They imagined that their eyes had been opened at last, and that they now saw that religion was only a thing of fervor, excitement and overstrung nerves. From this cynical position some did not come for years. Unfortunately, we were numbered with them. But, if some sensible, pious, practical person could have had a quiet talk with us, explaining the Christian duties of trust, Scripture reading, prayer and church attendance, and the obligations in home and school life of obedience, courtesy, honesty, truthfulness, honor, purity, nobility, chivalry, love—if some one could only have told us what it was to be a Christian, in regard to the simplicity which is in Christ, and the every-day moral obligations, we should have been saved a painful experience which gave life a wrench in an unnecessary fall from grace."

The New York Churchman is the leading Episco-

palian paper in the United States. It is therefore with special satisfaction that we have read in a recent number of that paper the following words on Christian co-operation. "Every indication of the breaking down of barriers which depend on what is recognized as non-essential must be looked upon as a favorable sign for the future. We claim external unity as essential, therefore we ought to be the first to relegate non-essentials to their proper sphere. Inasmuch as we believe unity to be the first and fundamental note of the church, we ought to be able to enter into some sort of co-operation with every body of Christians, no matter how limited the beginning of that co-operation may be. The lesson is being taught us and forced home in every phase of human activity. Railroad combinations have not been accomplished in a moment. Some of the strongest and most far-reaching combinations had their origin in a merely informal effort at co-operation. As that proved successful stronger bonds were made. The simplest forms of international co-operation have led, and are leading, to more effective and binding co-operative efforts, and everywhere, in small things and great, this principle of cumulative power is being accentuated with unusual force. It is a principle of power, whether used for good or for evil. It seems inconceivable that Christians alone should fail to use this controlling force in the modern world. It has been left to Scotland to point the way to this new reformation, but the union of the two Dissenting Scotch churches must not be left as an isolated example of the possibilities of reunion in the religious world. The way to a mutual understanding is far easier in this land than it is anywhere else, for readiness to see the practical advantages of a religious peace harmonizes completely with the American temper. All that we need, as a prominent Methodist writer has recently asserted, is to put into our efforts to organize a Christian society "the same energy, forethought, genius for combination, that are used for the building of great fortunes and the management of great material enterprises.' "

The Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, now of New York City, gave a very suggestive sermon in his pulpit on a recent Sunday on the subject, "God's Economy." Showing first how the law of economy operates in the sphere of nature, he passed to the sphere of salvation and of Christian character. He said in that connection: "God opens overflowing treasures of mercy and of grace. There is enough for all, but there is no waste. The blood of Christ is shed for us, but it is not to be trifled with, trampled on or applied indiscriminately. Economy follows the cross. As God gave the sun, the rain, the soil and the seed, and required that we should plow and reap or die of hunger, so God gave us Jesus Christ, and requires that by personal, intelligent choice we receive or reject Him, or be forever unsaved. He is not thrust upon any man. He came unto His own and His own received Him not, but as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God. Behold, he says, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in. What an if is there! It is God's economy holding up the train of abundance out of the dust. A theory of universal salvation, however, appealing to our sentiments, violates a law that marks God's way in all His works of nature and of grace. Such a theory, if operative, would reduce us to spiritual savages under the tree of the bread of life, waiting for that to fall which we were too indifferent to gather. In a true sense we must work out our own salvation by this co-operative choice of repentance, faith and affection toward Jesus Christ. The wind may blow and the tide may set out yet the ship rides idle in the harbor unless the anchor is taken up. After the anchor is shipped the blowing wind and flowing tide will carry the drifting ship to rock or shoal unless the sailor lays a guiding hand on the tiller. Thus under the divine wings we must ever put the form of a man's hand. Admiring the Prince of Abundance, we must walk with the Page of God's economy."

The Brooklyn Eagle of recent date told its readers that it was a great time for Methodism, the evening of the preceding day. It was the occasion of the installation of the Rev. Dr. Waters as pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Church of Brooklyn. The Eagle said: "The Rev. Dr. Cadman took effective part. The Rev. Dr. Gunsaulus preached a superior sermon. The Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson made the installing prayer. It just happens that Dr. Waters is the pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Dr. Cadman is the pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Dr. Jefferson is the pastor of the Tabernacle Congregational Church in Manhattan, and Dr. Gunsaulus is the pastor of the Central Church in Chicago. But all these men were matriculated in Methodism, and after graduation became Congregationalists. Methodism has reason to ask why exodus follows genesis, and Congregationalism why exodus was preceded by genesis in these cases." It may be added that the Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, now supplying the First Congregational Church of Pasadena, was until a few months ago the pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Church, and that he went to that pastorate from the Methodists. Congregationalism, by reason of its independency, draws from all sources, and preachers of all orthodox denominations find congenial places there. The disposition among all churches now to seek ministers who may seem best suited for the special place to be filled, without so much regard to denominational affiliations as formerly, is one of the good signs of the times. Usually a man can do the best work among the people and in the denomination in which he has been trained; but this is not always so. Men of such qualifications as these herein named soon adapt themselves to any polity. Dr. Gunsaulus, though originally a Methodist, was a Presbyterian before he became a Congregationalist, and as a Presbyterian did a splendid work. The Rev. Dr. Withrow, now pastor of the Park Street Church, Boston, had equal success and distinction as a Presbyterian, and has his ministerial standing today in a Presbytery.

The Children's Court has made a good record in the city of New York. Boys and girls who are tried there are put "on probation" for a few weeks, and if they show good behavior, their sentence is suspended, or in cases of doubt a second probation is granted. The rule thus far has been that the young offenders have been reclaimed and the result justifies the establishing of similar courts in every city.

Esperanto, the newly invented universal language, is meeting with favor. Why its inventor compels the learner to use the involved German construction of sentences, instead of the simpler French or English, is a mystery.

AN EARLY RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

We regard as especially suggestive the early religious experience of the Rev. Dr. Waters as it was given by him at the recent council for his installation in Brooklyn, N. Y. Therefore we give it in our columns this week: "I was a child of many prayers. Four pictures are in my early recollection—family prayers morning and night in my grandfather's house; my mother reading Bible stories to the children on Sunday afternoon; my father's conversion when I was nine years old, and ever after that my pride that we had family prayers of own; and the Sundays when the minister stayed at our house; for us they were great days. I do not know when I began to pray any more than when I began to call my father by his name; my mother taught me the two words together.

"Besides these things, until I went to college, four grandmothers lived in and near our house—one always had her prayer-book in hand. Cavalier she was to the bone, and in the great war lost all of her property; one a strict Presbyterian; the other two were Methodists, and I have heard them shout at many a love feast. All knew their Bibles by heart. Of these households I was the only boy. When I was five years old we thought mother would die. One day at her bedside it was solemnly promised that I should go to college. Mother was spared to us, but the promise of the solemn time settled upon the entire family as a sacred expectation. At fifteen I was in college.

"At eight years of age I was much interested in religion and in secret had a great desire to unite with the church. When I was ten years old, one evening as my father and I were abount to start to a revival meeting in the village, my mother drew me aside and said: "My son, you are old enough to follow the leading of your heart in religious things." My heart leaped for joy. That very night I rose for prayers. From that time I date my conversion.

"My college course was taken in a State University. Few of the professors were churchmen. There was little religious life among the boys. I knew of only two candidates for the Christian ministry in all my time there. For two years after my graduation I was principal of the high school in my college town and I also was a student in law. These years have been somewhat of a famine time in my personal religious life. I eagerly read and was thrilled with literature of the new science and there was none to show me how to be true to my intellectual life and be also true to my mother's Bible. I groped in the dark. I dumbly felt that there must be found some larger interpretation and then devote my life to its heralding among young men. For the first time in my life I began to seriously consider the ministry as my life work. This I breathed to no living being, nor did it seem to be in line with my interests as I saw them being shaped by my friends. One day Senator Willey, the Father of West Virginia, the most eloquent man of the Virginians and the grandest of souls, whose name in all of the land stood for goodness and greatness, stopped me on the street, and, putting his hand on my shoulder, told me that he had been watching my course in the university and out of it, and had felt it borne in on him to say that he believed God meant me to be His messenger. Later others so spoke to me. Finally my mother and I had it all out with many tears, and I set my face toward the Boston Divinity School with the purpose of obeying this vision, provided that I should be counted worthy, and provided the scholars could show me a way to articulate the truths I had learned from science with the truths I had learned from the Bible.

The Bystander.

During the past week a number of things have happened in religious circles. Bishop Moreland, of the Sacramento diocese, has been charged with certain things by an over-zealous rector, who will probably see the errors of his judgment before very long. Dr. Hillis has postponed his visit to this city in behalf of the Beecher Memorial fund. Dr. Hillis is hard on the nerves. He works one up to a high pitch of expectation and then drops you a telegram. He was coming to the Seattle Congress and to San Francisco for the Beecher movement, and both visits are declared off. Let us remember the story of the boy who cried, "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf. When he does mean to come, it will be difficult to find a committee to plan for his coming.

By the way, The Outlook, which has been a voice of Plymouth church for many years, disagrees with Dr. Hillis in the plan to bring Beecher's dust to Brooklyn and to erect a memorial building. Lyman Abbott would perpetuate his name with a coffee house or a gymnasium. He does not believe in wasting the costly ointment. It should be given to the poor. So said one of old, who held the money bag, but a greater prophesied the immortality of the deed, and the broken alabaster box is better known than Bunker Hill monument.

The Bystander believes Lyman Abbott is practical, but mistaken in this matter. Why not place the bones of Beecher under his old pulpit, in the church still crowded by multitudes drawn largely by the magic of his name? Artistic and sentimental monuments have their place in the memorials of the great. Furthermore, their dust consecrates the buildings in which it reposes. The Milan cathedral is not less sacred because of the ridiculously adorned body of Saint Charles Barromeo, nor the old church of Newburyport because of the grave of Whitefield under its pulpit. Westminister Abbey is precious because it is packed with tombs. To cherish our dead—our great dead—in this fashion, does not mean that we are seeking the living among the dead.

Beecher has done his work, and let us not build a coffee house over his name.

The Liberals.

Another matter of interest is the visit to our State of Loyd Jenkin Jones and Dr. Herman Thomas of Chicago. Mr. Jones suggests John Ruskin in his personality and way of fitting things. He is pastor of All Soul's church, Chicago, a sort of religious club, where Browning is studied and ethical sermons delivered.

Dr. Thomas looks like Henry Irving. He was dismissed from Methodism because he denied the Methodist doctrine of hell. For many years he preached in one of Chicago theatres, and he preached well, too. When he gave up his work his church practically disappeared. Dr. Frank Crane tried it, but soon left. Now Dr. Driver holds service—not in McVicker's Theatre, but is a small hall. When Dr. Thomas resigned the pastorate of People's church, he announced that a benevolent friend had given a million dollars for the purpose of establishing people's churches in the large cities of the country. What the man really said was

that if he had it he would give it; that it was probably in his mines in Colorado, and that if they turned out as he hoped, Dr. Thomas might have the million. It is hardly necessary to add that the mines have not yet yielded the treasure. It was unfortunate that such an offer found its way into the papers. These good evangelists of liberal religion are holding congresses on this Coast. In these congresses many beautiful things are said about all religions and good people. Just what they really amount to is not clear.

Association Men.

We have had as our guests many representatives of the Young Men's Christian Association, during the past week. Among those who came from other states were President Slocum of Colorado College, and Edwin L. Shuey of Dayton, Ohio. Both addressed large audiences while here. President Slocum is a good sample of the strenuous college president and Mr. Shuey is a second edition of John Wanamaker. He is a plain, cultured business man, who has given much attention to the educational department of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Whenever he talks he says something worth hearing.

Distant Thunder.

While we are having a good time talking, preaching, praying and singing, a sound is heard in the distance which is ominous and threatening. Men are in unrest. Labor is in discontent. Strikes are threatened and the industrial sky flashes with prophetic lightning. The church must give itself more and more to the problems of industry. They are religious questions. Congress has been trying to put a bit in the mouth of the Trust. The President insists upon it. The time has come also for labor unions to be curbed. Dictation means violence and lawlessness. Several things should be speedily decided in this country. Among them is: Has a man the right to dispose of his labor according to his own judgment, without the interference of others? Has a man the right to purchase and pay for his labor? In other words, labor must square itself with liberty. Another question is: Is the boycott a violation of American liberty? Is there any protection for a man against methods intended to injure him?

Where organized labor employs coercion or violence it comes in contact with the individual and collective liberty of the American people. These are some of the things which appear through the unrest of industry. At this writing the carmen threaten to strike, and claim the privilege of deciding to strike or not to strike regardless of the opinion of a committee on arbitration. The question is shall the United Railroads conduct their own affairs, or shall they be turned over to the labor unions?

A year ago the people were in sympathy with the men. Today the people are in sympathy with the corporation.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

"McLoughlin and Old Oregon."

The book I referred to last week, "McLoughlin and Old Oregon," published by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, at $1.50 net, is just what it promised to be, a thrilling story—not a romance, but more interesting than a romance—a true story of the settlement of the Northwest. By the way, are we not finding that "$1.50 net" gets us a better class of books than the nominal dollar and a half books which, because they are not really worth that in matter or making, are sold way down some times, even at a discount of 60 per cent.? And dear at that. These breezy books will go into the homes of old Coast settlers and new, bringing deserved honor to the heroic pioneers and kindling anew the fires of patriotism in these who enter upon the enjoyment of the empires they founded. We Pilgrims must take off our hats to the Methodist here. Jason Lee, who undoubtedly preceded Whitman two years. But when we have done that the Methodists will shout a loyal amen to our praises of Whitman, whose long ride was every day for weeks, as heroic as that of Sheridan or Paul Revere. "Whitman's Wagon" is set out for us so we can almost see it. His ride and return are substantially given. "Fifty-four, forty a fight," is made plain as a school boy might ask to have it and the nobility of our great English rival for the leadership of the new empire, Doctor McLoughlin, is touchingly told. The books will be culled by the delegates to the coming Coast Congress, who want to be well surcharged with appreciation for the new empire some of them will see for the first time. Eva Emery Dye has done her part well in preparing many to appreciate both the Seattle Congress and the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland. One of the glorious privileges of living in California is that of being on the same coast with Washington and Oregon. Emulation between these empires is wholesome. Jealousy is unworthy of any citizen who looks up to the Stars and Stripes.

Tree Planting.

Many who cannot write of the planting of a tree as Bryant wrote of "The planting of the Apple Tree," have shared the poet's joy this past week in Santa Clara county. The Arbor Day was a great success. It is said that more than two thousand trees were planted in the definite arbor day spirit, and coming generations will enjoy the drive from Stanford University to Lick Observatory more because of the considerate attention of a happiest host of unselfish souls last Tuesday. Eastern visitors entered heartily into the shovel and pick brigade. Editor Bok, of the Woman's Journal was notably enthusiastic with his large party of Easterners. It was health and healing for the sores of political strife in San Jose to see men of all political faiths and church creeds, women high and women lowly, capitalist and laborer, unite in a holiday which will grow like the Blossom Festival, more and more beautiful and significant as men come to realize they have a great Trust for all in this park-like and fruitful county. Our Saratoga school children had a half holiday. After appropriate literary exercises by the school, the school trustees led them into the joy of tree-planting. The new school yard was filled out with eucalyptus, box alders and acacias. It is as easy to inoculate children with the love of trees as it is to teach them vandalism. They will follow their teaching.

The progressive and clean Mercury of San Jose gave three full pages to the Arbor Day proceedings. It read like a Christmas edition of the "Country Home." What a relief was it from the harrowing stories of railway disasters, murders, thefts, divorces, asaults. One got a glimpse of "the good time coming" when "man to man the world o'er shall brother be, for a' that."

What the California Nursery at Niles did for the cause of Arbor Day at San Jose I cannot fully report, but they gave Aloha the privilege of setting out at the

intersection of Los Gatos Road and Three Oaks Way a thrifty "Acacia 'Molissima," which I hope generations of Blossom Fete guests and many other tourists may live to enjoy. Grace to him who turns grateful water on its roots. Shame on any vandal who would rip and rob it of its golden boughs for the selfish and brief joy of personal possession. Acacias are in great demand this year.

April Fools.

It belongs to wise old ranchmen to fix the date of the Blossom Festival, not to a tyro in fruit growing. Yet it looks as if April 1st might be the day. What an added jest to a merry outing it would give to have it on "All Fools Day." They would not be the fools who should come, but they who should stay home when they might if they but would see God's country in its God-given glory.

There are "sports that kill," but to dance around a May Pole in April, to pelt a friend with blossoms, to bury a beautiful child in piles of bloom, to clap one's hands in joy at splendid trees and realize Isaiah's prophecy of making trees clap their hands before you in joy. All this permissable merriment but illustrates the appropriate gladness of a King's child. Watch the city papers for the Blossom Day, the Blossom Train and the Blossom Day program.

PLEASANT WORDS FROM CLEVELAND.

Editor of the Pacific: No paper comes to our table that is more eagerly opened or more thoroughly read than the Pacific. It takes us back to our two delightful years on the California coast, and our impressions of that wonderful State do not fade. If we were young people it would be a joy to throw all the weight of our influence into its growth, and receive in return the benediction of its beautiful climate. We were strongly impressed with the strength and earnestness of its ministers and are very sorry for the changes these recent months have made. One of our first and warmest welcomes was from the beloved Pomona pastor and his wife—the genial Fraries. They will do good wherever they go, but we are sorry for Pomona. For a year we felt ourselves highly privileged to be members of Dr. Norton's congregation at San Diego. We mourn with his church there over his loss, but are glad for him that so great a door and effectual is opened for him in Massachusetts. May he be as successful there as he was in San Diego in building up the church in the most holy faith, and may he not forget California's expansiveness in that staid old northeast town. At Santa Cruz we came under the magnetic influence of Rev. J. R. Knodell who, when I commented on the energy and pluck of the California minister, said, "You know the devil got possession of this country in the first place, and now that we have got a foothold we have to fight hard to keep it."

For nearly half a year we were fed with the strong meat that seems to be abundant with Rev. C. R. Brown of Oakland, and thanked God for raising up such a man for such a place. May he long go in and out before that flock and find them pasture. We were brought in intimate and delightful relation with that earnest, efficient, self-denying agent of the A. B. C. F. M., the Rev. Walter Frear, whose name is lovingly written on the hearts of so many missionaries, and is so well known to that much abused class of officials, custom house officers. What is that old proverb, "Like priest, like people?" If we found the hearts of the priests on their sleeve, we also found the sunny side of the hearts of many people. My thoughts of California are like a maiden's dream as she sits rocking in a hammock under the apple trees on a rare day in June.

Much as we love your beautiful State, it is not all paradise. Even while we were there we saw the black pall of barbarism hanging over it, which grows blacker in the distance—the official treatment of the Chinese.

In a recent letter from San Diego, was this: "Joe has got to go back to China. He has lost his papers or there is some mistake somewhere. His teacher (mission school) went to see him last Sunday and found him in that vile, filthy pen, sitting on a bucket turned up, studying his Sunday school lesson. No one is allowed to carry him anything, not even flowers." This was one of my favorite mission scholars, who was trying to make a Christian man of himself. He had the sole care of a handsome house and grounds for months while the family were away; had been their faithful cook for some time, but some sleuth had hunted him up and he must be imprisoned and sent back.

Mrs. J. L. Cozad.

MY DIGNITY.

By Rev. Charles G. Paterson.

I. Diminuendo.

The man who wrote the eighth Psalm was a man who lived much on the plains, among the hills, under the open sky. By night as well as by day David loved God's out-of-doors. The heart of the shepherd of Bethlehem still beat in the breast of the King of Jerusalem. The sweet wooing of nature was never in vain. So one night he was willingly drawn from his chamber to stand in the court of his palace. With a sigh of relief he turned his face heavenward to behold once more the glory of God which the heavens declared, once more to admire God's handiwork in the firmament, and again to commune with his Maker in the stillness of night. Above rode the moon in her chariot of cloud, fair in the beauty of her completeness; and around, through the meadows of heaven, the stars blossomed out in her honor. Beholding the manifestations of Jehovah's glory, the king for a long time was quiet; remembering the days of old, meditating on the doings of God, musing on the work of his hands, dumb with silence, holding his peace, while his heart was hot within him as the fire of inspiration burned. Then at last there flowed over his lips these words of the Psalm, "O, Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth, who hast set Thy glory upon the heavens. When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visiteth him?"

What is man, and the son of man? What am I that the Infinite One should be mindful of me, and that the Eternal should be visiting me? Do we not all touch hearts with Palestine's poet in the question that arose in his mind that night? In the midst of the vastness about us we, too, have felt this depression. Tiny and impotent and insignificant seems a man in the presence of the height and the depth, the extent and the bulk of other work of God's fingers.

And not only the vastness, but also the permanence of Nature is depressing and discouraging in its effect upon man. Men come and go, and their place knows them no more; but the sun that rose the morning before their birth will rise again on the morning succeeding their death. Field and bank and bough, stream and tide and sky will continue to pass through their

various mutations with all the unfeeling persistence of matter. Such was the thought of the dying young girl in Tennyson's poem:

"The building rook'll call from the windy tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave."

We go; but the sea does not know and the earth does not care. We were not, are now, and pass away; but mountains, fields and stars remain. In comparison then with these vast and these permanent works of Jehovah, what is the wee man of a moment that the Lord of all should be mindful to visit him?

II. Crescendo.

In the room he had left the king is now writing. Under his pen the words he had uttered appear in the metrical form of a Psalm. Quickly four verses are written; then all brushed aside as he goes to his bed. Oppressed and depressed with the sense of his own insignificance he lay awake and communed with his own heart and was still. The question that had been raised by the glories of the night would permit no rest until answered and answered aright.

And the answer came. Not from the unaided working of his own wearied brain, but because once more his Jehovah in mercy was mindful of him and visited him. His mind was enlightened, and his heart was enkindled by the beams of the truth shed in from above. Once more, after midnight, he sits at his table with his incomplete Psalm before him. Under the sway of inspiration's emotion these words are tremblingly penned as the answer of Spirit to the question of matter. What is man? "Thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crowned him with glory and honor. Thou makest him to have dominion over the the works of Thy hands; Thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field, the birds of the heavens, and the fish of the sea, whatsoever passes through the paths of the sea. O, Jehovah, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!"

"Bless Jehovah, O my soul, for the sleepless night," cried the king in his latter days, "for out of the unrest of the mind came peace to the heart." And to this let us all say Amen! For here are the words that humanity needs; words that declare the innate and inalienable dignity of what man soever, let the extension in space and duration in time of all else be what it may.

What is man? But little lower than God, offspring of the Supreme Being, crowned by his Maker with glory and honor, with dominion to rule and to reign; master, uplooking, comprehending. What is man? How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! What is man? Only a reed, the feeblest thing in nature; but he is a reed that thinks. It needs not that the universe arm itself to crush him. An exhalation, a drop of water, suffices to destroy him. But were the universe to crush him, man is yet nobler than the universe; for he knows that he dies, and the universe, even in prevailing against him, is not conscious of its own power. Thus David, Shakespeare, Pascal, joyfully declare the dignity of man, and in so doing sound the praises of the God who made him dignified.

In his origin, what is man? And God said let us make man in our image, after our likeness. And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, but little lower than Himself, crowned with the glory of excellence and the honor of supremacy. A man is a spirit, akin to God, and not to His works. He is different in kind from all else, save angels, created by God.

In his endowments, what is man? Possessed of intellect, he brings this intellect to the heavens, and weighs the sun and measures the stars; to the oceans, and he sends his ships over them and his messages under them; to the mountains, and he digs his way into them and brings their treasures out of them. By his intellect he girds the continent with steel and knits their four corners together with wire; he makes the aeriel currents his messengers to carry his thoughts through wind and rain across the sea. God has put love in the breast of man, greater than faith and hope, more potent than fear. Without it father and mother, husband and wife, brother and sister and friend would be empty terms. With it come comfort and cheer and courage. Man thinks, but, better still, he loves; for "it is the heart, and not the brain, that to the highest doth attain." With intellect and love God has endowed man also with will. With this faculty he makes a choice, then pursues that choice, over every obstacle and through every difficulty, making a way where he cannot find one, till his goal is reached. At the magical touch of the will of a man opposition is changed to opportunity, and stumbling blocks become stepping-stones.

In his final state, what is man to be? For man is not now what God meant him to be. His defacement or defilement is an effect whose cause is sin. A temple, if you will, but a ruined temple; and yet how magnificent a ruin! What will be the restoration? Behold the Son of Man. Sinless and stainless, the second Adam kept for us in Palestine that which the first Adam lost for us in Eden. While perfectly man, Jesus was also perfect man. In all the beauty of holiness Christ stands before us as the image of that which we shall be when, in a world to correspond, God's work within us will be seen complete. Inhabiting the resurrection body, incorruptible and glorious, we shall be like our reigning Redeemer when we shall see Him as He is. This is necessarily mysterious, for it cannot yet appear what we shall be.

I, too, am a man, and herein is my dignity. Not in any of life's accidentals, but in the essentials of my being, does my dignity consist. Created by God, who is my Father; endowed with intellect, love, will; redeemed from sin by Jesus Christ, who assumed my humanity to save me; visited by the Holy Spirit; awaiting an hour that will open for me the gates of Paradise that can never swing to let me out; herein, in such as this and in more than this, is my dignity as a human being. Whatever an unfallen angel may be, I thank God that He made me a man. Conceived in the mind of God, called into being by an act of His will, endowed with his own attributes to glorify and enjoy Him, destined for His presence forever! How out of place is all striding or strutting! Most becoming at all times, Davidic humility.

"True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still respect, can still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart."

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SQUDDER.

Lesson 13. March 28, 1903.

For our Review let us try to get the kernel out of the twelve lessons of the quarter.

Lesson I.—Acts xvi: 22-34. Paul's trip to Europe was not like that of many who cross the ocean today. He was sent there by the Spirit for a great purpose. He rejoices in Lydia as the first European convert, and little surmises how the second is to be obtained. Opposition springs out of mercenary motives, for his rebuking the evil spirit in a slave girl deprived the owners of the source of revenue. Thrown bleeding into the Philippian dungeon, the unheard of midnight psalms, the endurance of persecution, the earthquake, and self-possession of the apostle impress the jailer, who finds salvation at midnight, and obtains life instead of becoming a suicide. Learn (1) those who suffer for Christ never suffer in vain. (2) Prison walls can form no barrier to the gospel. (3) Personal faith in Christ is the only means of salvation.

Lesson II.—Phil. iv: 1-13. The Church, growing out of Paul's experience at Philippi, becomes his joy. His great concern for it was that the Christians should become strong and useful. Learn: (1) The Church is made up of imperfect beings who need to develop their spiritual natures by hard effort. (2) Spiritual fruitage is ample reward for all the self-sacrifice of Christian ministers or teachers. (3) As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. (4) We never impoverish ourselves by giving to God's work.

Lesson III.—Acts xvii: 1-15. Paul found the only way to get men's attention to the gospel was to talk about it, and he seemed to find plenty to say. In the synagogue at Thessalonica he reached Jews and proselytes, and many were converted. But many would not listen, and soon began to oppose the word, raising an uproar that made Paul's departure necessary. Learn: (1) The Old Testament has sufficient proof of Christ's Person and Salvation. (2) The Gospel has power enough to turn the world of error upside down. (3) It is a noble thing to deliberately study to discover from God's Word "whether these things be so."

Lesson IV.—I Thess. v: 14-28. The Holy Spirit must be the prime mover in the Christian's life. He quells disorder, encourages the faint-hearted, strengthens the weak, brings joy, helps our infirmity in prayer, shows us God's will. The Christian life is no easy one; its aims are too lofty, its difficulties too many. Learn: (1) Careful study of the Gospel precepts will greatly aid our Christian life. (2) Be careful that the work of the Spirit is not hindered by getting your standards from the world. (3) Bring the Gospel test to everything, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

Lesson V.—Acts xvii: 22-34. Paul's preaching was according to his hearers, proving Jesus the Messiah among Jews, talking of God in nature to ignorant heathen, coming over philosophic lines to the learned Athenians. But he never failed to preach about Jesus. Learn: (1) He who loves God the most is stirred in his soul when he sees wickedness all around. (2) Take every opportunity that comes to influence others for good, even if it is an altar to "an unknown God." (3) The grandest theme in the world is the God whom the Bible makes us acquainted with. (4) The grander our ideas of God the more we will strive to be like him, if we are his children. (5) The places of highest culture are often the most barren of soil for the truth of God.

Lesson VI.—Acts xviii: 1-17. Athens had wisdom and Corinth had wealth. After his experience with the former Paul seems a little hesitant about grappling with the enemy in the latter. But encouragements are sent. Re-enforced by Aquilla and his wife, cheered by a few converts, strengthened by a vision from God, he overcomes his discouragements, and finally wins the battle. Learn: (1) There will be a final departure of the Spirit from those who blaspheme and oppose the Gospel. (2) The influence of one convert cannot be estimated if he is in earnest. (3) Whole families should turn to God, beginning with the parents, concluding with the children.

Lesson VII.—I Cor. viii: 4-13. We are placed in this world with a multitude of relationships which are little considered. The Christian is bound to think of these or he does not take many steps in the direction of the second great command. Liberty is a splendid thing, but liberty is not so much being independent of every one as it is opportunity to be of use to every one. We are at liberty to refrain from drinking, smoking, or any other thing for the sake of helping some other boy or man who is not safe if our example is not the highest. Learn: (1) Knowledge is good, and love indispensable; both together make a strong character. (2) Denouncing those who see differently from us only separates us; abstaining for their sake is a great educator to them and to us. (3) Sinning against a fellow-Christian is sinning against Christ, just as doing for them is doing it unto him.

Lesson VIII.—I Cor. xiii. The world has been long : Dhcvri x,or(ohaAc|hToth e;ifaotsable-,: looking for something that will always work, no matter what the circumstances. What would physicians give to find one medicine that would cure every disease if rightly handled. Paul learned from God that one great thing would fix up this sin diseased world, "Love." And it has always worked where it has been tried. Learn: (1) Love is the life of the soul as blood is the life of the body. (2) The only motive that God takes into account is love, and if this is wanting in us the mainspring is gone. (3) God's love never fails; it is incarnated in the Lord Jesus.

Lesson IX.—Acts xviii: 24-xix: 6. Apollos comes to Ephesus and begins to preach, but meets with some humble disciples who can teach him what he never knew. Paul comes to Ephesus and certain disciples receive the Holy Spirit as a result of his instructions and prayers. Learn: (1) No one knows so much but that he can receive instruction from those who are taught of God. (2) The truly great are truly humble; learned Apollos readily sits to learn of a tentmaker. (3) Jesus expects us to receive the baptism of the Spirit just as he showed his disciples. (4) True faith may exist with little knowledge, but it can use knowledge to proportionate advantage. The great men of the Bible —Moses, Daniel, Paul—had both gifts in abundance.

Lesson X.—Acts xix: 13-20. The motive which prompts men to copy Christianity differs from those who possess it. It was a good thing for the sons of Scera to rid a demon-possessed man of his evil spirit, but they did it for gain, not because they cared anything for the man. The world never fails to put a premium on honesty, purity and self-denial. Learn: (1) The secret of the Lord is with them that know him. Paul could cast out the evil spirit because he was well acquainted with God's Spirit. (2) Those who attempt to handle sacred things will eventually be hurt by them unless they are themselves consecrated to God. (3) The fascination of arts which we should know nothing

about is great. (4) Secret sins destroy our spiritual life, and we may be in a low spiritual condition while professedly disciples of Christ. (5) Open confession of sin and repentance bring great blessing.

Lesson XI.—Acts xix: 29-40. A riot in Ephesus made the question, Christ or Diana? the most important consideration of the hour. It was God's way of shaking that great city to its core, and giving the Gospel a firmer hold. Christ was victorious. Learn: (1) Christian zeal often arouses fierce opposition from those who are engaged in business of an ungodly nature. (2) Many who are not professed Christians recognize and praise the worth of Christian principle and teaching. (3) Covetousness is idolatry; beware of giving it room in the heart. (4) Diana must perish sooner or later though the multitude shout her greatness; Christ alone abides, the same yesterday, today and forever. (5) The voice of a mob is not the voice of the people any more than the "voice of the people is the voice of God." Reason and wisdom rule in quietness, and righteousness prevails in the long run.

Lesson XII. It takes perspective to bring out the figures in a painting, and it will take the same to bring out the greatness of the elements in Christ's salvation. That which will save a dead world and bring it to spiritual life far surpasses the power that creates the world and brings it to material perfection. We will learn this in eternity.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

(March 29th.)

A Mission Study of Africa, Ps. lxviii:29-31.

Africa lies, a large portion of it, under the equatorial sun, hot and sweltering in its tropical home, and yet, if historians are to believed, the oldest civilization began and flourished and passed away upon its bosom, under conditions that seemed to be the least favorable to growth. Africa has affixed to it the cognomen of the "Dark Continent," and yet how bright is its past with lights, how fascinating the interests that attach both to the continent and its peoples. The simple fact that for so many ages it was the land of unsolved mysteries—the equatorial North Pole for explorers—and that today there are large areas of its mighty interior upon which the footfall of the traveler has never been heard, are enough alone to make it unceasingly attractive to men. Africa! the continent of Egypt and the Nile, the land of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, of Luxor and Thebes, of Karnak, of magnificent lakes and mighty deserts, of tall mountains and rich mines the land of the lion, the tiger, the giraffe, the crocodile, the hippopotamus and the gorilla; the land of Carthage and Scipio and Cleopatra and the Pharaohs—it has attached to it all the interest of antiquity, all the wonder of mystery and all the charm of poetry and romance.

* * * *

Africa is particularly interesting as a study in missions because so much of Biblical and Christian history is concerned with its peoples and cities. It is the land of Ham and the dark races. It is the Ethiopia of the Bible and of Homer, and the Libya of later Hellenic times. In the Old Testament it was the scene of far-reaching missionary undertaking and enterprise. It is recorded that Abraham was sent there and Joseph, and Jacob and his remaining sons. Even to the palace of the Pharaohs went the old-time gospel truth. Moses was sent on a great missionary errand to Rameses II, but not until he had been trained himself in the learning and lore of Egypt in the Temple of the Sun. Africa was the Ethiopia that in Psalms lxviii:31 it was said, "Shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." Of whom it was said by the prophet Isaiah (xliii: 3, I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia, and Seba for thee, and the probability is, through missions, having rapid fulfillment in our day. Missions had reached the African peoples in the Christian era as early as Christ's own day, for we read that it was Simon, a Cyrenian of North Africa, that bore the Savior's cross to Calvary. In apostolic times the gospel went into Africa soon after Pentecost through the preaching of Philip, in the chariot of the Ethiopian Prime Minister of Queen Candace's court.

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In church history, after the apostles' age, we are told that Christianity made great progress in Egypt in the early centuries, and spread quickly to Cyrene and other North African regions. There was a flourishing church at Carthage. Alexandria was a bright Christian light very early. Tradition ascribes the planting of the first church there to Mark. Before Christ Alexandria had been the seat of a famous library that bore its name. The Septuagint, the first Greek translation of the Scriptures, was made within its walls. It was the second city of the Roman Empire in importance, and one of the culture centers of the world. The early makers and defenders of theology were Alexandrians. Clement, Origen and Athanasius, who once stood for the faith "against the world," were some of these. Augustine, the great Bishop of Hippo, who gave his name to a very influential school of theology that survives today in our reformed creeds, and whose "Confessions" are among the most uplifting and soul-searching contributions to devotional literature, extant, was born at Tagaste, in Numidia, and educated at Carthage. His mother, Monica, was a devout Christian, though he had a pagan father. So we see that Ethiopia did stretch out her hands in the early Christian ages, although she withdrew them again, and lapsed into Darkest Africa for centuries.

* * * *

The modern missionary interest in Africa begins with the attempts of the Moravians in 1768 to reach the Copts and Abyssinians, among whom are remnants of the primitive apostolic work. The English Church followed soon after. The United Presbyterians entered North Africa in 1854. The thrilling and fascinating work of modern missions and the consequent opening up of the Dark Continent to all Christians and to Western civilization, together with the discovery of the sources of the Nile and the establishment of "spheres of influence" by the great "powers" of Europe, begins with the advent of Robert Moffatt in the last years of the eighteenth century. He was soon after joined by David Livingstone, whose wonderful exploits in explorations and discovery, saying nothing about his missionary zeal, have astonished the world and given his bones their repose among the classic dead in Westminster Abbey. He was followed by Henry M. Stanley, who was sent to find him when he was lost, and who, himself, made great contributions to the cause, among other things discovering the sources of the Nile in the Nyanza Lakes—ultimately in the Mountains of the Moon. The adventures and trials, the disappointments and successes, of these pioneers of Christ and civilization in Africa in modern times are still fresh in the memory of the living. Those

who are too young to remember can read the thrilling recitals in the books. Enough for us that it was modern Christian missionaries that opened the way not only to the Christianization but the civilization of the Dark Continent.

* * * *

A recent authority tells us that there are 43 societies, 557 missionaries in 611 stations, and 5,000 native workers of all denominations laboring for Christ in Africa. These preach and teach the gospel in the Fang, Bule, Benga, Mpongwe, French and English tongues. Presbyterians have their stations in West Africa, in the Gaboon, Benito and Batanga districts, six in all, with 58 out stations. They support nine ordained missionaries, three lay missionaries, four medical missionaries, sixteen women missionaries and fifty native assistants.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific

Miss Wilson's journal has been received, bringing dates down to December, 1902. A case of leprosy occurred in the school. A letter was sent to Mr. Walkup on Jaluit, to come with his little schooner and take her away. The girl was very brave about leaving Kusaie. She asked all to pray for her, that she might ever glorify God in her life and be willing to submit to whatever came to her. She will no doubt be put away in the woods to live by herself.

The fiftieth anniversary of the misson there was celebrated August 21st. Rev. and Mrs. Lum landed on Kusaie on that day, fifty years ago. It was an interesting occasion, and several young men who had been halting between two opinions, took a stand that day for Christ.

The Carrie and Annie reached Kusaie September 12th. Miss Wilson took passage on her September 20th for a visit to Ponape. She met there Miss Palmer and Miss Foss and Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and her stay was prolonged until December. The King made a grand feast for them. During her absence one of the best Christian girls of the school died.

* * * *

A letter has been received from Miss Denton. She is heart, body and soul engrossed in the Lord's work. The three upper classes of the school are all Christians. Mrs. G. M. Fisher has visited Kyoto, and was given a reception at the school. She was present on Founders' Day. An interesting letter has been received from Mrs. Fisher also. The thirtieth anniversary of this school occurs next June. From Miss Hartwell of Pagoda Anchorage comes a word of gladness because our Board has decided to help them. She sent some texts of scripture printed on red and yellow paper in Chinese and English, which are to be made into a chain and used for decorations at our annual meeting, and there to be sold for book-marks. The Christian woman who selected the texts has since passed on to Heaven. The fiftieth anniversary of Rev. Charles Hartwell's service in China occurs next June. Rev. and Mrs. Hubbard of this mission passed through San Francisco on their return trip, and were given a reception in the parlors of the First Church, Oakland, on Monday, the 9th. It was a pleasure to look into the faces of these faithful servants of God. They sailed on Wednesday, the 11th.

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Mrs. Baldwin of Broosa has sent an interesting account of last year's work, which is designed for all the workers on this coast. It will be published in Life and Light. The box sent by the children of Southern California for Christmas reached there January 31, 1903. These missionary boxes have a strange way of being late. The senders must try and start them earlier in the season. We forget how long it takes to reach foreign countries and the many unforseen delays that occur.

Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union will be held in the Congregational church, Ontario, on Thursday, April 2d, followed by the annual meeting of the Southern Branch, Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, on Friday, April 3rd. Each society contributing to the Union is entitled to send its President and two other delegates with an additional delegate for every twenty members or fraction of twenty members over a membership of twenty-five. Each Y. P. S. C. E. and each J. C. E. is entitled to send one delegate.

The Ontario friends say: "We extend a cordial invitation to every one to come." Please do not fail to send names of delegates to Mrs. A. E. Larkin, Ontario, before March 25th. All delegates will kindly remember to buy a ticket one way and get a certificate from the agent. Fifty certificates will secure return fare at one-third rates.

All gifts for the Congregational Home Missionary Society should reach the Treasurer, Mrs. Thomas A. Barnes, 28 Valley street, Pasadena, before March 20th. The books will be open for contributions to all other objects until March 25th.

Kate G. Robertson, Secretary.

THE REVIVAL AT AINTAB.

Recent letters from Aintab, Turkey, speak of the revival there as wonderful in its scope and power. Last year it was the poor and the ignorant that were reached, but this year it is the older business men who are being reached. The rich and influential people are coming out, and coming out so strongly that it is having a great effect on others, and these men are giving very strong proofs of their sincerity. We say that when a man is converted clear to his pocket-book it means something. One who is in Turkey writes: "It is a commonly accepted principle here that business cannot be carried on without more or less lying and cheating. These men who are now taking such decided stands acknowledge that they have sinned, and are now making restitution. One man paid out 200 liras to put himself right. A lira is worth $4.40, and a day's wage is 25 cents there; translate that into terms of California wages and you will see how dead in earnest they are. In the college only a few of the boys have not accepted Christ. One thirteen-year-old boy came to Mrs. Shepherd and confessed having stolen pomegranates from her garden last summer; he said, 'I am a Christian now.' He wanted to work for Christ, so had started a Sunday School class with the help of another small boy. Mrs. Shepherd of course forgave him, and gave him some pictures and cards for his class, and sent him away happy."

The movement is universal there. In the girls' school Miss Isabel reported some of the most obstinate cases having to yield. The girls get off by themselves

in the corners and talk and pray together. One girl, especially, she told of who had made fun of the others and had even giggled in church on Sunday morning, but at night she got hold of one of her teachers and asked her to pray with her. She said she could stand it no longer, and she had been acting so mean all the time because she could hide her feelings in no other way. * * * There is one boy who has hung around the hospital for some time. A poor, ignorant lad. He had been attending some of the meetings, and one day the doctor began to speak to him about his soul, and then he told the doctor he had been going to the churches, but could not understand what it meant when one of the students asked him one day, "If your father had been gone a long time and should rap at the door, would you let him in?" The boy said: "Of course I would," and then his friend said that's just what Jesus was doing. The doctor asked, "What did you do?" He looked up with a bright smile and said, "I opened."

Church News.

Northern California.

Lockeford.—Three members were received on confession of faith. The Sunday school has changed to the afternoon so as to come in connection with the preaching service.

Lodi.—A liquid air and wireless telegraphy entertainment given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid cleared over $20, besides giving the community one of the most instructive entertainments ever held here. Many could not gain admittance to the hall. Rev. G. H. D. Kay is preaching to good congregations both morning and evening, of which nearly half are men.

Ferndale.—This church held its annual meeting recently. Eighty-five persons were in attendance and partook of the supper which was served. The Ladies' Aid Society announced that it had $700 during the year and now had $100 in the bank. The Society has placed a new Estey organ in the church at a cost of $358. Six names have been added to the roll of members during the year.

Rocklin.—A very pleasant birthday surprise party was given to Rev. S. R. Yarrow by the members and friends of the Congregational church. The parsonage was filled with loving friends anxious to show the esteem in which our pastor is held. The birthday cake was presented by the junior deacon who, in a few well-chosen remarks voiced the good feeling of all present. The evening was passed most agreeably with games and song, and all present (about 80 persons) agreed that they had a most enjoyable time.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The semi-annual barrell opening occurred last Friday evening. The contents amounted to $7.56, with ten or twelve barrels yet to hear from. The proceeds are divided equally between the Home Missionary Society and the Woman's Board of Missions. In addition to these semi-annual gifts by means of the missionary barrels, the church takes a special collection for both the home and foreign work. Pilgrim church has had the barrel openings for ten years and the method has been found highly satisfactory. At the meeting last week, Miss Gertrude Barker of Berkeley gave an interesting talk on the work at the Madura Mission in India, and Mrs. Hume of Berkeley, one on "The American Highlanders."

Southern California.

Los Angeles, Park.—Rev. J. H. Cooper, recently pastor at Santa Ana, has accepted a call to the pastorate of this church and will enter on the work April 1st.

Avalon.—Two were received by letter at our last communion. Our Boys' Club (K. O. K. A.) gave an interesting entertainment recently, the program being based upon the adaptation of certain sections of Tennyson's Idylls of the King.

Pasadena.—It must have been an inspiration of Dr. Pond's to bring Rev. Jee Gam with him on his annual trip to Southern California. Not only was the anniversary service of unusual interest, but the visits by a Chinese Christian minister to the Chinamen of our mission at the homes where they work were productive of blessed results. Three of these young men took their stand as Christians, and have applied for admission to the Chinese Christian Association.

Pasadena, First.—The pastor has announced to the Sunday School and to the congregation that he will take up the Sunday School lesson for the following Sunday in the church prayer meeting. As his Bible talks in the prayer meeting have already proved a magnet of attraction, it is probable that this new departure will greatly increase the attendance. Dr. Meredith's strong point is his deep knowledge of the Bible and his faculty of making his hearers see vividly the things he has found in the Book.

Perris.—The 1st of March Rev. G. F. Mathes commenced his fifth year as pastor of Perris church. The anniversary sermon, reviewing the past four years' work, refreshed as well as surprised us at the numerous changes which have taken place in so short a time. The church has done efficient work in the community in the work of uniting the people and bringing them together in Christian fellowship. Members from six denominations have joined the church in the last four years. Both pastor and people have labored faithfully for the salvation of souls and the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom here on earth. Except while on the regular vacation our pastor has been absent from his pulpit only one Sunday and that was in exchange with Rev. Mr. Burr of Corona. The series of lectures delivered during the past winter by the pastor on the great "Religious Leaders," have been greatly appreciated and enjoyed.

Washington.

Cathlamet.—Two years ago the Rev. W. A. Arnold took charge of the work here. In addition to the moral and spiritual help which have come to the community from his ministry and reasonable gain in church membership, he has been instrumental in securing two lots adjoining the church for a parsonage and the lumber for an $800 building. Mr. Arnold presented his resignation recently and the church has passed resolutions commending him for his earnest work in Cathlamet.

The point of view is more important than argument. If one has the right view-point, which is the point of vision, argument becomes unnecessary. Sight takes the place of reasoning; there is no more groping, but a steady gaze at pertinent facts; the facts tell their own story, and the mind adjudicates according to the evidence. If we argued less and spent more time in helping our neighbor to attain the right point of view, we should be doing vastly more to promote the cause of human enlightenment.

The Rev. Dr. McLean of Pacific Seminary has returned from the East.

Miss Stone is to be in California soon to lecture concerning her experiences in Macedonia.

The Rev. Philip Coombe has resigned as pastor of the Richmond church in this city. Mr. Coombe has been with the church since its organization in 1893, and has done a most excellent work. He will be greatly missed from the fellowship hereabout if he should leave San Francisco and vicinity.

The meeting of the San Francisco Association in the Fourth church in this city last Thursday was well attended and thoroughly helpful. Papers and addresses were given in accordance with the program recently presented in these columns. A very pleasant after-supper hour was had in the parlors of the church, several of the brethren showing themselves to be first-class speakers for such an occasion.

At a meeting of the directors of Pacific Theological Seminary, held last Monday, it was decided to call the Rev. John W. Buckham of Salem, Massachusetts, to the chair of Systematic Theology. Mr. Buckham has been pastor of the Crombie-street Congregational Church of Salem since 1890. He is a graduate of Andover Seminary, and was ordained in 1888. He has been highly recommended for the position for which he has been called.

Th Rev. Dr. Bradford, Moderator of the Congregational National Council, expects now to come to California before going to the Pacific Coast Congress at Seattle. He plans to go to Southern California first, and to reach that part of the State the latter part of April. In all probability he will be accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Virgin of Worcester, Massachusetts. Arrangements will be made by them for addresses at several places.

RESIGNATION OF SECRETARY ROY.

Chicago, March 13th.

Secretary J. E. Roy, D.D., District Secretary of the Western District of the American Missionary Association, of his own motion and much to the regret of the Executive Committee and his fellow-officers, has tendered his resignation of that office, to take effect as soon as his successor is elected. With many expressions of deep regret for Secretary Roy and regret that advancing years had led him to feel that it was necessary to resign, the resignation has been accepted. It is hoped that he will assist his successor by counsel and such services as he may feel able to render. His record is one of unusual success, and he is not only honored, but greatly beloved among the officers and missionaries of the Association in the wide circle of pastors and personal friends and in the general fellowship of the churches. Few men have served the kingdom so efficiently as has Secretary J. E. Roy.

The Rev. Dr. W. L. Tenney of North Adams, Massachusetts, has been appointed his successor. Mr. Tenney was trained in Oberlin and Harvard, has held pastorates in Ohio and Michigan and Massachusetts, and is well known in the large fellowship of the churches. He is a preacher of impressive power and deep devotion. He is a public speaker of high quality and an executive of ability. He will be welcomed to the work of the A. M. A. with the cordial good fellowship of the Executive Committee, his fellow-officers and the churches generally.

MEETING OF BAY ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Bay Association was held with the Haywards church on the morning and afternoon of March 10th. It was a beautiful spring day and the churches were well represented. There were many delightful evidenecs of the well-directed energy of the pastor and people of the entertaining church. The church building had been thoroughly cleaned, the walls freshly tinted, and the floors newly carpeted, and the main room seated with handsome and comfortable pews. Our friends at Haywards are to be congratulated upon their excellent equipment. Three helpful addresses, with frank discussion, in which many participated with a question-box, skillfully conducted by Rev. Ben F. Sargent, furnished the program.

The addresses were upon "The Work of the Ministry," "The Support of the Ministry," and "The Missionary Organization of the Church," by Rev. C. W. Hoag, the newly-elected pastor of Plymouth Avenue church, Deacon John H. Hayes of the Decoto church, and Rev. Miles B. Fisher, pastor of Oak Chapel church.

Shall the minister be chiefly a pastor or a preacher? was the question raised by the first paper. "Both, if he succeeds in either," seemed to be the general judgment. He must be a strong and wise preacher if he would be a useful pastor, and he must be a diligent and smypathetic pastor if he would continue to be a vital and helpful preacher. Deacon Hayes' wise and witty paper provoked an interesting discussion. It raised the question, not simply of providing adequate financial support, but of support through sane and sympathetic criticism to the minister himself, through diligent and hearty cooperation in church activity and through prompt and faithful attendance upon church services.

Mr. Fisher's thoughtful address outlined the work of the "Missionary Substitute Company," which has recently been organized in his own church with very gratifying results. Mr. Fisher will gladly furnish information to any who may apply to him concerning this sensible and successful plan for missionary organization.

The following officers were elected for the year: Moderator, Rev. Chas. R. Brown; Scribe, Rev. Miles B. Fisher; Registrar, Rev. Raymond C. Brooks; Chairman Credential Committee, Rev. E. D. Hale; Chairman Missionary Committee, Rev. Wm. H. Scudder; Chairman Nominating Committee, Rev. L. P. Hitchock.

It was a profitable meeting, but this criticism may perhaps be not unfairly passed upon it. It was too much a ministers' meeting for a Congregational Association. All the newly elected officers are ministers. Nine-tenths of those who participated in the discussions were ministers, or ex-ministers, and the discussion itself was too much occupied with ministerial problems.

A difficult matter to remedy undoubtedly and yet one that ought to be remedied. We cannot afford to have the Bay Association become simply an expansion of the Monday Ministers' Meeting.

The fall meeting is to be held with the First church, Oakland, the second Tuesday in September.

R. C. B.

The Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

An ecclesiastical council convened with the Congregational church at Aberdeen on the 4th inst. to examine, and if deemed expedient, to install Rev. Charles McDermoth, late of the M. E. church of the same city as pastor

of our church. Rev. Edward T. Ford of Tacoma was chosen Moderator, and Rev. Samuel Greene Scribe. The examination was prolonged nearly two hours and was considered very satisfactory. The evening services were attended by a large congregation. The installing prayer was offered by Superintendent Scudder, who also extended the Right Hand of Fellowship. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. Samuel Greene, and that to the church by the Moderator. Brother McDermoth came to us from the other denomination after having spent twenty or more years as an active member of the Puget Sound M. E. Conference. He becomes a Congregationalist because of the conviction of the larger possibilities of usefulness in the ministry. The fact of his having been called by unanimous vote to a church in the same city speaks well for his three years' service in Aberdeen.

Superintendents Greene of Washington and H. N. Smith of Oregon of the C. S. S. and P. S. met for neighborly conference at Kalama, Wash., on the 5th, to arrange for co-operation for missionary Sunday-school work in Eastern Oregon. The interview resulted in a plan for Missionary A. R. Johnson of Northern Idaho to spend the months of April, July and November during this year in that State.

Rev. Harry W. Young, who for five years has been a very successful worker as a Sunday-school missionary, has received and accepted a call from the Seattle Congregational Church Extension Society, as Associate Superintendent with Rev. J. T. Nichols, who, while continuing his relations to the Extension work, will give most of his time during this year as pastor of the Queen Hill church, aiding that enterprise in its effort to erect its house of worship.

This leaves a vacancy in the Sunday-school forces in this State which it is to be hoped may soon be supplied.

Extra meetings have been held for three weeks recently at Deer Park, where the pastor, Rev. Frank McConaughy, has been assisted very ably by Rev. W. H. Cook of Hillyard. Much interest was manifested. The Bible readings of Mr. and Mrs. Cooke were very profitable. Eleven persons united with the church on confession and former members have been strengthened in spirit and purpose.

Rev. W. A. Arnold has resigned at Cathlamet. Rev. J. W. H. Lockwood has also resigned at Edmonds, and Rev. Geo. Baker at Christopher. Rev. F. V. Jones is supplying for a few Sabbaths at Ritzville.

Congress of Religions.

(Editorial from California Christian Advocate.)

The Pacific Coast is being illuminated at this time by a series of Congresses of Religions, the expiring fizzles of a burnt fuse. The conditions in Los Angeles were not very favorable, nor in San Diego, where the *Raga yoga* has exhausted public interest, but at Stanford University, under the mystic leadership of the Rev. Heber Newton, the conditions were more hospitable.

The congress seemed to be but little more than the pooling of the eccentric views of six distinguished gentlemen. The Rev. R. Heber Newton, pastor of the Stanford Memorial church, whose vagary is that Christianity excludes nothing by including everything—Mormonism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism of all the fetichisms of the world; nothing but common sense is left out of his proposition—made a large and valuable contribution to the all-inclusive objects of the Congress.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor of All Souls' church, Chicago, Secretary of the World's Congress of Religions, ventilated his ideas. His distinguishing characteristic is the ease with which he shies at sectarian Protestantism; looking through the narrow slit in his "Unity" snow-glasses, he tells the "congress," there are no sectarian seams in the realm of truth." There are no sects among the scientists, none among the philosophers; they all wear one-sized hats and weigh exactly in the same notch on the mental scales; the wicked Protestants alone refuse to come to this holy placid dead-level enjoyed by "Unity." Among these savants is Dr. H. W. Thomas, formerly of the People's church, Chicago, who is well known as a deep-diver in the shadowy realm of speculation. "At the bottom," he contends, "all religions are one." "All people believe the same thing"—Hottentot, Fiji Islander, the "head-men" in Borneo, the Dervishers in Soudan, the well-dressed members of All Souls church, Chicago, the Stanford students—"all believe the same thing." It does not seem possible to Dr. Thomas that any of the Stanford students or professors could be so small as to look through the loopholes of the "quad" upon the wide world, and say these wild men of Borneo, these South Sea islanders, these naked cannibals, holding high carnival, are not in "enjoyment" of the common brotherhood of mankind. (They seem to "enjoy" their enemies particularly.) Whether we are all invested with clothes or not, the good doctor assures us that we are all invested with the same fundamental religious principles. Christianity, Brahminism and Buddhism are sheer accidents. He preaches the gospel of brotherhood, pure, theoretical, academic brotherhood—never mind the reeking filth of heathenism, the bloody ceremonials of paganism. "We are all brothers!" is his contribution to the "Congress of Religions."

Another of the six is Dr. Emlyn Lewys, the expositor of the Indian cult Jain. There is nothing to show whether he represents the "Digambara" or the "Swetambara." The Digambara sect are just sky-clad—doesn't believe in any clothes except the "blue sky." The Swetambara sect dress in white robes. The Jain cult is to the Vedas what Higher Criticism is to the Bible. "Brother" Lewys has a short and effectual way of "doing away" with the Vedantists. The Vedas cannot be of divine origin for the simple and all sufficient reason that "Brother" Lewys, the Jainist, has looked up everything except what the Psalmist once said, and finds there is no God, no Supreme Ruler, no Creator, and hence the claim of the Brahmins, that the Vedas are of divine origin vanishes into the upper-blue of the Digambara, not leaving so much as a problematical vapor above the horizon. His contribution to the "Congress of Religions" is that religion consists in "high ideals"—just the deep, still blue sky above us. When we get done thinking we are blue-sky, too, clothed *a la* Digambara.

Next came the Swami Ram, the stout defender of the Vedas, the Hindoo, whose specialty is to solve the insolvable, to exhaust the inexhaustible and particularly to comprehend the incomprehensible. He gazes with a cold, contemptuous spirit on the vanities of time and sense. He is circumscribing that "absolute" which Bre'r Lewys has already assured him had vanished. The brotherhood of Bre'r Thomas, compared with his deep recondite speculations is a mere ripple on the boundless ocean of phenomena. The Swami tells them that all things that now are, were, and will be a thousand times over. His only care is to be absorbed and become oblivious to all earthly things, including the "Congress of Religions." The Swami has no historic consciousness and feels the need of none. Moses and the prophets, Christ and the Apostles, are mere schoolboys compared with the Swami himself.

The last of this sextuple "Congress of Religious" was Anagariba Dharmapala, the puritan-quietist of Orientalism, the expositor as far as there can be any of Buddhistic law. His special Dharma was, "Do not delay to be good." Throw away all "isms" except Buddhism and seek the truth.

This hotch-potch of Orientalism, blurred mysticism, mental bewilderment, diluted rationalism, diseased and decrepit ideas, reciprocally canceling each other, with salt, are unctuously put together and branded the "Congress of Religions."

Spiritual Life.

Twilight and Dawn.

"Abide with me—fast falls the eventide;"
These words come to me in the twilight gray,
"The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide,"
Thus reverently I speed departing day.

"When other helpers fail and comforts flee"
Words so remindful of my own sad plight—
"Help of the helpless, Lord, abide with me."
In Silent prayer I view the fading light.

"Abide with me"—the daylight grows apace;
Hard is my lot, doomed to my bed of pain;
Uncertainties of coming hours to face,
The fevered flesh and rack of nerve and brain.

"When other helpers fail and comforts flee"
(Few are the comforts it is mine to know),
Be thou my helper and my comfort be;
"Abide with me" as I more helpless grow.

—James Thomson.

Holiness and Words.

In estimating the value of Christian work we think too much of our efforts, too little of our spirit and life; but our character is really of more importance than our work. There are two sets of influences flowing out from every one of us; the influence of what we are, and the influence of what we say. Sometimes these influences clash, and the result is most disastrous. There is nothing more fatal to our usefulness than inconsistency. Men begin by doubting our piety; they end by denying the reality of all religion. On the other hand, when these two influences combine they are simply omnipotent. Carlyle says, "Words have weight when there is a man behind them." Yes! our words weigh lightly when we weigh lightly ourselves. But when they have the power of holy life behind them, they are veritable thunderbolts.—Rev. Crawford Johnson.

The Beauty of Holiness.

Every element of holiness is beautiful. Love is beautiful. Joy and peace and patience and brotherly kindness and charity are all beautiful. Holiness beautifies the whole being. It makes the intellect beautiful. The memory of a good man is full of beautiful pictures. His imagination is filled with charming fancies. His conscience is pure and serene, and his affections are tender and right. There is much beauty in the world. It is not to be despised. Beautiful scenery, beautiful paintings, beautiful poetry, beautiful music, beautiful flowers. But the most beautiful of all is the beauty of holiness. Many cannot discern it and few appreciate it. When Jesus came into the world He was despised because men saw no beauty in Him that they should admire Him. The eyes of men are holden by sin and the world so that they cannot see. But "blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." They can discern the beauty of the Lord in the face of Jesus Christ.—Exchange.

Making Others Happy.

Sydney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it: "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum look at the result. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy, at all events for a time."

Christianity's Message.

Her gospel is "Good news." Her hymns are carols of glad tidings. Her Bible is a book of promises. Her Savior defines His commission as "To preach deliverance to the captive; to set at liberty them that are bound." Living for three years, He called unto Him "all who were weary and heavy laden and gave them peace to their souls." Seeking out the guilty and conscience laden, the avaricious the dishonest and the impure and passion wrecked, He extended to them forgiveness and new strength and new hope. "To seek and save the lost" was His cry. And when Death had struck Him with his dart and the grave held Him captive, it was only for a season. Within three days He had broken His prison house, and, drawing the poisoned fangs from Death itself, He walked among men, calling himself "the Resurrection and the Life," and hung all the weeping midnight skies of Death with lamps of immortal hope. The gospel of Christ is the evangel of hope. Mr. Beecher spoke well when he told Brooklyn and the world, "Any presentation of the gospel of Jesus Christ that does not come to the world as the balmy days of May come to the unlocked northern zones; any way of preaching the love of God in Christ Jesus which is not as full of sweetness as the voice of the angels when they sang at the Advent; any mode of making known the proclamation of mercy which has not at least as many birds as there are in June, and as many flowers as the dumb meadows know; any doctrine of the Christ that does not make every one feel, 'There is hope for me,' is a slander on God and is blasphemy against love."—Dr. Waters.

Doing Religion.

I have rejoiced to find that piety and worship are inevitable for any man who lives a simple, natural life, with his eyes open to the beauty of the world, his ears to its deep music, his heart to its abounding mystery. But this should now be said: Let a man who cannot answer, who cannot even ask, the great questions of philosophy and science and theology, seek steadily to know what things he ought to do, do faithfully the very best he knows, and there will dawn upon his mind and heart the sweet assurance that the world is solid to the core, that goodness works forever at its heart, that all things work together for good to those who do the highest and the best they know. My positive religion claims no intellectual assurance of the objects of its faith and hope. It does but say: Live out a simple, natural and faithful life and see what comes. Be open-eyed to all the beauty, order, wonder, bounty of the world; be true to every personal ideal, helpful to every brother in distress; crush every baser passion down; do out the duty to the uttermost, and then—let come what will. If it be a great, happy and rejoicing confidence in the soundness and sufficiency of life, still let it come. Who shall gainsay its right?—Rev. J. W. Chadwick.

Therefore, come what may, hold fast to love. Though men should rend your heart, let them not embitter or harden it. We win by tenderness, we conquer by forgiveness. O, strive to enter into something of that large celestial charity which is meek, enduring, unretaliating, and which even the overbearing world cannot withstand forever! Learn the new commandment of the Son of God. Not to love merely, but to love as He loved. Go forth in this Spirit to your life duties; go forth, children of the Cross, to carry everything before you, and win victories for God by the conquering power of a love like his.—Frederick W. Robertson.

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Boys and Girls.

Telling "Nice" Things to People

Girls, I wonder how many of you have ever thought of doing this? Some of you have, no doubt, but to those who have not, I want to say I think you have missed a great deal of the sweetness of life, and I'm truly sorry for you. I'll tell you why. I have found that it's a simple matter to tell people the unpleasant things about themselves, and once or twice I have actually felt a rather wicked joy in doing so, but I got out of the way of doing that a long time ago, and since discovered how easy it is to tell them the "nice" things, and how sweetly the doing so reacts upon oneself—why, I wouldn't go back to the old way for anything.

Let me illustrate what I mean. I know a girl—in fact she's a very dear friend of mine—a young, timid, struggling artist who is trying to support herself by her brush. This is not a small thing to accomplish, as perhaps many of you know by experience; so my little friend has begun housekeeping in a modest way. She lives in two rooms at the top of a very tall house, and she does her own cooking on a small kerosene stove; but she's a brave girl, I think, is devoted to her art and paints away for dear life. I went to call upon her the other day, and took with me a friend, who is also an artist, but one who is far along that hill of success which Nan is now so patiently climbing. Mrs. Blake is a calm, almost an impassive woman, as silent as a statue when she wants to be—if you know what that means—but I had hoped much for Nan from this call, so I introduced them with a beating heart.

She shook hands cordially enough with Nan (who was trembling with nervousness), and seemed graciously interested in her work, for she turned over sketches, looked at paintings, and then with the picture of an old woman's head in her hand, sat down and talked art all the rest of the afternoon to her heart's content. I did wish it had been to Nan's "heart's content," but one glance at the child's face told me it was not, for it was art that was away over her head.

Frankly, I must confess that I wanted to shake my famous artist friend for her obtuseness, and if I could have found a corner in that tiny room to which I could have dragged her and expressed my opinion of her shortcomings, I would most certainly have done so; but instead, I sat there, preparing a lecture for her, to be delivered immediately upon our departure from the house. Meanwhile there was no word of praise from her lips, neither any criticism even of the kindest, and even her comments were of the mildly polite style that is exasperatingly like the faint praise that condemns.

Do you wonder that I felt like shaking her when I looked at the repressed hope and longing on the face of poor little striving Nan? Well, I don't, and I was almost ready to cry with disappointment when we got out into the street again.

"Why didn't you say something 'nice' to that child, you miserable woman?" I burst out at last. She looked at me in unmitigated astonishment.

"Say something 'nice' to her?" she echoed, her face one whole exclamation point of surprise. "Why it never entered my head to do so. Do you suppose she expected me to say something?"

There! Think of that, girls, and the precious opportunity wasted. Do you know of any "Nans" who are artists?

"But," I artfully inquired with an eye to the future, don't you think she has talent?"

"Most certainly I do. The head of that old woman is a gem in itself, and what is more, I know a man who will buy it at her own price. I wonder who her model was?"

"I don't know," I said, abstractedly, for I was planning a call upon Nan for the very next day, "but I will ask her." And I wish you could have seen Nan's face when I carefully repeated the "nice" thing I had saved for her. It was like the impersonation of joy itself.

"And to think what a perfect goose I was yesterday," she said, with a happy laugh. "I actually cried myself to sleep after you had gone, and forgot about my supper. I was utterly disheartened by Mrs. Blake's reception of my work, for I had concluded she thought I was a dunce and my work mere daubs. But, there, I do believe I'll never be discouraged again," and she shook the frying pan so joyously that the chop she was frying over the kerosene stove danced a merry jig as though out of pure sympathy with her.

Oh, it's a wonderful tonic, is this "telling the nice things to people!" I have seen it work the most wonderful results at the most surprising times. I have seen jaded men lift their tired heads and square their shoulders after a hard day's work at desk or counter or bench, and the bright light of hope leap into their eyes again, from the magical influence of a timely, sincere word of praise, or that "nice" thing one has heard or thought about them and remembered to tell them.

I have seen wives and mothers whose faces were faded and worn with the weary round of planning, baking, stewing and boiling and the drudgery of counting the pennies, look up into the face of their husbands at some unaccustomed word of praise or tenderness with the light of youth in their eyes and a tremulous feeling in their heart that glorified every duty to them.

I have seen servants take their brooms and sweep more carefully in the corners; dust the picture rails, the pictures; take up the rugs and give them an honest shaking, and then brush away the cobwebs that they had noticed hanging for a week at least, but had not thought it necessary to remove until that happy word had made it a pleasure to do so.

And I, myself—why, I can feel to this day the glow of strength and hopeful possibilities that filled my heart at a word of affectionate appreciation from my pastor. He is dead now, but often when tempted to see the dark side of life I recall the tender words of encouragement he uttered that day so long ago, and hope refuses to be thrust away.

The really selfish element in telling the nice things to people, girls (if one can call it a selfish element), is the exquisite happiness it brings to oneself. I can liken it to nothing that is earthly, but to everything that is heavenly. Try it and see for yourselves.—Christian Work.

The Nightless Day.

There is a land of nightless day
  Where gloomy shadows never rise,
Where twilights come not, dim and gray,
  To shame and darken glory's skies.

This is God's land, His land and mine
  Of Spring-time morning, chaste delight,
With service radiant and fine
  Which needs no respite and no night.

My heart sings glad and wistful hymns
  What times it foldeth hands to pray.
But all its lonely longing dims
  While dreaming of this nightless day.

—William A. Quayle.

"To say a pleasant word to anyone was almost impossible."

"I was troubled with female weakness for eight years; and suffered more than I can tell," writes Mrs. Gust. Moser of Ovando, Deerlodge Co., Mont. "My disposition was affected to such an extent that to say a pleasant word to anyone was almost impossible.

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Character Building.

It would almost seem as if God had made the world just to try man—of what stuff he is, what stuff he can develop, in the battle between force uncontrolled and force directed by intelligence. What a battle that was between nature and man in the building of Minot's Ledge lighthouse! Minot's Ledge was "a bold, black knob of rock" lying off the coast of Massachusetts. At high tide the waters covered it wholly. In thirty years forty-three vessels had been dashed to pieces upon it, twenty-seven of which have been entirely lost with their crews. Capain Alexander agreed to construct upon that rock a tower 106 feet high, thirty feet in diameter at the base. On his first visit to the rock it was so slippery he could not get a footing upon it. He sent out a crew of men and they were able, in an entire season, to cut four or five little holes in the face of the rock. The men would work as fast as they could until the foreman, seeing a wave coming, would shout to the men and they would fall upon their faces, clinging desperately one to another, while the wave went over them. Then they would rise and work again. In five years the tower was built. In some such way must every man build a character. God gives him the raw material and the strength to build, but man must do the building. No one can do it for him. Thank God no one can successfully oppose anyone doing it for himself. And God always helps those who are determined to thus build.

Bridging the Gaps.

The habits of youth are difficult to overcome, and its lapses are sure to be felt afterward, as the following prove:

A former ambassador from this country to France was crippled in his diplomacy by his inability to speak French. He fully comprehended the international questions which he was officially obliged to consider, but he could discuss them only through an interpreter. An old man who had tried to teach him the language in his childhood, said:

"Ah, that gap of four idle, unresponsive years, when he was a boy, will make an empty space some time or somewhere in his life. He never can adequately bridge it over."

Other men have suffered even more seriously from such gaps in life, whose emptiness they try vainly to fill. A learned and wise Christian man once said to a friend:

"When I was a lad, at the age when the habits of life are being acquired, I ran away from home, and spent three years with lumbermen—most of them men of low, dissolute habits. To this day it is an effort for me to use a napkin or a fork at table, to lift my hat to a woman, or to observe the little customs which a gentleman follows unconsciously."—Young Evangelist.

Walking in the light as God is in the light is the essential condition of true human fellowship.

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If enthusiasm makes enthusiasts, we pray for more of them. There is a wild and noble enthusiasm. The former is dangerous: the latter a loyal gift. It is regulated force; heart and sense combined; eagerness and foresight prosecuting sublime purposes. Those endowed with it are not blind to difficulties, but brave to meet them; they measure dangers, recognize the chances of failure, but venture where duty calls, expecting to conquer by success. There is fire in their bones and wisdom in their heads, and the more the fire burns the clearer the mind becomes; resources are developed as difficulties accumulate, and the "one chance in ten" for success is the one they expect to grasp, by dint or energy and skill, and usually do it.

Dewey, the Wise.

The committee upon a home for Admiral Dewey wished to delay till they could double the amount already subscribed. The admiral preferred, however, to have a home which, with its furnishings, should not cost more than the fifty thousand dollars in hand, but does not wish to wait. He wishes a new house already built and moderate in size. He asked the committee to select the home with a dining room not capable of seating more than eighteen guests, and with not more than four bedrooms. He would like it to be west of Sixteenth street. It is stated that he said that had the fund been raised by a few rich men he would have declined it, but as it represents over forty-three thousand small subscriptions, he accepts it as a present "straight from the people."

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, out of wrong.——George Macdonald.

The secret of a quiet heart is to keep ever near God. Stayed on Him we shall not be haken, and our "hearts shall be fixed, trusting in the Lord." We get above the fogs when we soar to God, and circumstances in their wildest whirl will not suck us into the vortex if we are holding by Him and know that he is at our our right hand.—Alexander Maclaren.

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